

The Nassau Literary Magazine.

Vol. XVI.

OCTOBER, 1855.

No. 2.

STATE PRIDE.

It is a conclusion, to which history has almost universally pointed, that large intellects are the products of little states. The necessity imposed upon small, but independent communities, of attaining by art what circumstances have denied, has elicited those energies of mind, that, in more wealthy and powerful nations, have been suffered to lie dormant. While ancient kingdoms, whose sway extended over much of the then-known world were content to sleep on in listless inactivity, a spirit of emulation was generated among the smaller states, which gave birth to those strenuous efforts, that placed them upon a level with their naturally more puissant neighbors. The immense empires of Persia and India, though basking in the sun of prosperity, lit but a few feeble rush-lights, that soon flickered and died away; while the little states of Rome, Athens and Venice raised beacon lights in their midst, with reference to which the world has steered its course. Hence it is that such small communities have been, and must continue to be most

favorable to the growth of physical and intellectual power. Nerved by a spirit of ardent pride, they have beaten down the barriers of circumstance; and while they have been the listing grounds for the world's army of talent, have furnished the most useful and luminous pages of her history.

But this ardent spirit of emulation, to which small communities necessarily give birth, is, unless definitely restrained, apt to outrun its legitimate ends. The bitterest rancor insidiously creeps in, and what was once a generous competition, degenerates into a dangerous hostility. The little states, into which Italy became divided, produced a multitude of shining lights; but long and bitter contentions spoiled their fair scenes, and the gentle arts of learning were compelled to keep pace with the stern science of war. Black, threatening castles crowned their sunny hills; and although these little states gave birth to a fine Genius, bitter and bloody Strife was her twin sister.

Where, then, shall we discover a land, that, retaining the advantages, to which a partition into small states gives birth, will, at the same time, exclude the evils arising from such a division? Our own country, more than any other furnishes a ready answer. Composed of sovereign and independent states, whose position, with reference to the great whole, may produce an ardent emulation between individual members, the paramount importance of the general good is all-powerful to restrain such emulation within legitimate bounds. Considering, then, the advantages that must arise from a competition, deprived of all injurious tendencies, how important, nay how necessary, it becomes that a spirit of generous emulation should exist between the several members, that constitute our government. In order to effect so desirable an end, one great principle must pervade all classes of our citizens. This principle is State Pride.

By State Pride, we do not mean that *selfishness*, that would prompt the citizen to further the interests of his own section, without regard to the honor or welfare of a neighbor: for a

principle based upon so rotten a foundation as this would soon poison the life-blood of the land. No, State Pride has a far nobler signification. Bad men may prostitute it to hurtful and ignoble ends; but, in its free and onward course, it elevates the citizen above the groveling crowd, and constitutes a prominent feature of the true and loyal gentleman.

A high and justifiable State Pride must be distinguished from mere State affection. The former is by far the nobler and more comprehensive of the two. We make the companion of early days an object of our deepest love, and, if he has acted well his part, of our just and honorable pride; but when the friend of our youth becomes a slave to vice, and is dragged along the downward path, then, though "for old time's sake" we love him still, for him we can feel no pride. And thus it is in respect to the State. We may love it, because it is home, because it contains the spot, around which all the purest and most endearing associations of life cluster: but, unless it presents some example of justice and nobleness—some battle-ground for the truth—some mind, that made its impress on the ages, as they rolled along—we can have no foundation for a proper State Pride. Our country is still in her teens, and, when compared with the nations of the old world, has no antiquities. But each member of the union can date back to some bright spots in its history, well worthy to call forth the State Pride of its sons. No temples, built with hands, may crown our unshorn hills; but our wild valleys are fragrant with the odor of good deeds, and we have monuments of noble actions, that *should* speak to us in trumpet tones. The true greatness of the State must be mirrored in the just Pride of her people. While other means may fill her coffers and quicken her progress, *it alone* can promote her best interests, and guard her sacred honor. Without this *moral strength*, her prosperity will be soulless—her dignity but a "shadow's shadow."

Of the influence of State Pride upon the martial spirit of the

citizens, it appears almost superfluous to speak. Says a distinguished writer: "The people who recollect with pride the achievements of their fore-fathers, will not prove unworthy of them in the day of battle." Although a love of country led our troops to the plains of Mexico, we cannot doubt that State Pride produced that noble emulation, which urged each to be first in the race, whose goal was so often death—that this principle made heroes of our raw recruits, and bore them so bravely against fearful odds, and almost insurmountable obstacles. Yes, it was State Pride that beckoned them on to the Halls of the Montezumas; when, faint and weary, they laid them down to die, in a strange land, State Pride whispered the last words of comfort; and when they had returned to their respective homes, it was State Pride that placed the laurel upon their war-worn brows. State Pride should do more. It should raise tributes to their valor; for nothing tends more to foster this principle, than the erection of suitable monuments. They speak in a language that all can understand. They are the title-deeds by which ancestral virtue is handed down. We are too prone to verify the complaint, that Republics are ungrateful to their distinguished men. Our Fathers, whose energies and lives were wasted for us, often sleep in unmarked graves. It is true, they live in our hearts; but something surer than a too-often treacherous love should perpetuate their memory to our descendants. The proverb, "out of sight, out of mind," contains more truth than we imagine. State resting places of the honored dead should be to us as holy ground. These should be our antiquities—these the schools where youth, while ardent and susceptible, might learn its first lessons of State Pride. Many such spots, in our land, are hidden by the thick, wild trees. The fox burrows in the sod that covers holy dust; the birds sing in the solitudes; and the traveler who passes by, little dreams that he is "trampling upon the grave of a hero."

Without such a principle as this to shape the actions of its

citizens, no State can occupy a truly exalted position. The citizen himself has lost the golden thread, that should guide him through the labyrinths of American life. He must cross the stormy sea of politics, with no Mentor to guide him from its rocks and shoals—no incentive to urge him on to the end, and bid him, *faint not by the way*. If this be no principle of his nature, he may walk, with head erect, upon the plane of life's ordinary level; but he can never climb the dizzy heights of political greatness, with the manly port of the justly proud citizen, or comprehend, to the full extent the end of his own existence. Possessing a State Pride, founded upon the greatness of the past, he will be careful lest he sully the fair fame of those who have gone before. The glory that beams from them, shines brightly upon himself. It becomes a solemn duty to walk not in the shadow, but to follow the radiance that gladdens his path, and, like his Fathers, to set his light upon a hill. Then the State can rejoice in the greatness of her might. The energies of her sons are all directed to her welfare—her honor becomes part and parcel of their own. The voice of gladness is heard throughout her borders, and her wild hills "blossom as the rose." Then her pulse will beat, not with the brief palpitations, that leave the victim exhausted, but with the deep, steady pulsations that tell of strength in the Present, and trust in the Future. Well were it, if in these, the stormy days of the Republic, the citizens of the respective States possessed a little more of this honorable pride. Not so readily would some of them attack the Constitution, and its great and good founders—not so readily forget that others have consciences and rights. We should not so often behold worthy precepts unremembered, or see selfish prejudice in the balance, weighing down the truth, and the justice due to another. If, then, a high and honorable State Pride pervaded all classes of our citizens, in addition to the wholesome influence it would exert upon the States as individuals, how great are the benefits it would confer upon the Union, by exciting that generous emulation, whose efficacy all

history attests. The health of the body can be perpetuated only by preserving the strength of its members: this, State Pride has been shown to do. What a splendid spectacle we would present, if this were a leading principle of our people—the States marching on to a glorious destiny, with steps that shake the world.

G. A. M.

REAL LIFE.

IMAGINATION is the guardian of all thought! As the mind, assisted by the magic power of memory, summons up the shadow of the Past, causing its many scenes to flit swiftly—yet distinctly—before us, how keenly do our feelings work! The broad panorama rapidly and clearly unwinding its many folds, checkered with joyous and mournful reminiscences; the halcyon days of Youth, interrupted by some grassy, green mound with a slab, whose "*Sacred to the memory of*" some once loved one, chiselled deeper and more indelibly on your heart than *there*; all convince us, oh! how keenly!—that we are no longer *men of the Past*, but *men of the Present*. A voice clothed in the language of the dread Omnipotent, echoing and re-echoing through all space, startles us from our musing, with the warning "*Let the Dead bury their Dead*"—while the same voice with its clarion tones urges us ever "*ONWARD*"—and, we turn, heart sick it may be from the survery of what *have been* to what *now are* and what *may be*.

We are now in the Present; before us yawns the tomb; beyond that, all is dark Futurity. The Present past, and we, in our turn, become "*companions of the soil*"; and "*dust to*

dust" begins the chorus of either immortality or oblivion. Which it shall be, rest with us to determine, and now.

If there be any lesson to be deduced from the many "illustrious ones" who have passed to their spirit land, and whose sojournings here have other records than their tomb stones, it is that "action is the soul of Life—Real Life is all action." And though their bones may be piled into beacons which shall pierce the skies, to warn us of the rocks on which they foundered, yet it requires "action in the living Present" to enable us to avoid the shoals and sunken reefs they did not reach. History, that mirror of all that has been, that faithful record where the transactions of Minds long since united to their great Original are lastingly stored, bears indelibly stamped on every page, "There can be no excellence without great labor." This and much more to the same purport does she tell us: but she also reminds us that, if

"Art" be "long; and time" be "fleeting"

"And our hearts, though stout and brave,"

Still, like muffled drums, "be" beating

Funeral marches to the grave,

the dirge is not the natural music of the heart. It has gayer and livelier measures; to draw forth which requires no more exertion than to produce the sounds of Woe. *Black* is not the livery of the heart. Its impulses are above lamentation, and spurn all idea of being "like a dull worm; thrust foully in the earth, to be forgot." What little of Deity there is in us rebels at the thought, and beseeches us to live in and for the Future. Yes! Real Life consists in "still living" long after our bodies have been planted in the Earth. It begins but with the dull bramble of the sod on the coffin lid. Our stay here is but a preparation—it is but fitting us to enter on that Real Life which begins in Death, which is the acknowledged supremacy of mind over matter—when Genius commands that homage before denied it, because of either poverty or timidity. Disappointment and distress may afflict as well as destroy the body. They are incen-

tives to greater action; and, by their contrast, but heighten the sure gratification of the Future. If the dead could speak, a murmur from myriads of bursting coffins would remind us that "Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy!"; while with one assent a united voice from the sepulchres of all the Past would exhort us to

"Ever then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate—
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

X. Y. Z., Jr.

It becomes our sad duty to announce that another one of our number has been gathered to his Father. Faraway from home and family, he was laid upon a bed of sickness, and died with none of his kindred to smooth his pillow and to cool his fevered brow. Exulting in the buoyancy of youth, and eager to begin his journey through the "wide, wide world," all his aspirations, and his hopes, were alike crushed in a moment. For two long years he had mingled in our daily walks, and with some of us sat side by side. We had learned to respect him for his talents and his manly bearing—to love him for his kind and generous heart. Poor HENRY, his fate has indeed been sad. When we have journeyed on for many weary years, we will love to place him among those "old, familiar faces," which we have left behind; and a tear will unconsciously spring to our eye, when we think of one early dweller in the "City of the silent dead."

EPISTLE ADMONITORY.

WE all love greatness. Our feelings are moved not only towards those with whom, in the daily walks of business or of pleasure, we while away our hours, but those who live in story and in song, draw from the well-spring of our affections, as do our own familiars. With their misfortunes we sympathize, their faults we deplore, and in their virtues we rejoice. We shout with the exulting Diomede, and mingle our tears with the sorrowing Andromache! But lively as is the interest excited towards those whose deeds have rendered them immortal, too often their very prominence makes more glaring what there is of earthliness about them. In the world, and yet not of the world—subject to like passions as other men, without their insignificance to hide behind—perhaps their contempt of earth and earthly maxims makes them more liable to err. Did they but sometimes hear the gentle voice of a chiding brother; were they oftener made the objects of our reprimand, and more seldom of our blind, unqualified admiration: were they but made to feel that upon them were fixed the eyes not only of a wondering, but also of a reproving world, perhaps fewer and less wide would be those wanderings from virtue's path which we so deeply lament.

Possessed of this conviction, Mr. Editor, we venture to ask the publication of the following Monitory Epistle, in the hope of reclaiming one not unknown to fame, but whose frequent derelictions cause us to blush for human nature, even when most exalted:

MR. DANIEL TUCKER:

Sir,—Although not enjoying the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with you, yet there are some individuals who may be considered as belonging to humanity at large, and whom we feel, at all times, privileged to address. That in such a position you

stand, it were no flattery in us to announce—no modesty in you to deny. From earliest infancy we have been taught to associate your name with all that's brave, chivalric and unfortunate. With what emotion have we dwelt upon the history of your adventures, so varied in their character, but all so indicative of that ardor of temperament which has been the means of your enrollment on history's page. How throbbed our pulses, at the pathetic recital of your rencounter with the goat, which ended in your precipitation to the bottom of the hill; *tragie* indeed, as well in the literal, as in the ordinary sense of the word. And how painful was the thought that your restoration to a sympathizing public was so very contingent; for in the very words of the Bard:

"If he hadn't got up, he'd been there still."

But, in giving utterance to the feelings which we ever experience in the contemplation of your eventful life, we have insensibly wandered from the object which we had in view, when we ventured to address you. We had intended to take up the Censor's pen, and believe us, nothing but an honest and heartfelt interest which we, in common with others, feel in your welfare, prompts us to the task. Would that it were uncalled for! But in the midst of scenes so graphically described; adventures, the narrative of which has given to the world that soul-stirring lyric, which will be chanted while there is cat-gut to be stretched; in the midst of these, we now and then chance upon some questionable exploit, which forces from our lips, the sigh—"You hadn't oughter done it, Daniel!" Yes, Daniel, you have your faults,—faults which in common men are ignored, but which, in your case, it was the painful duty of the historic bard to perpetuate. For it must be confessed that, on one occasion, you became inebriated, and most strikingly was the tact of your biographer displayed, in immediately connecting your misfortune with your fault. Well did he know how to draw largely on human sympathies, when, as a direct consequence of your intoxication, he mentioned your

plunge into the fire, and the insinuation of a burning coal into your shoe. In our concern for the catastrophe, we almost forget the sin that occasioned it, and the reprobation of a censorious world is stayed, by the reflection that you must have issued from that fire "a sadder and a wiser man."

But it is needless to rehearse particulars, when the *cause* of all your delinquencies is so palpable. From a careful study of your history, we are satisfied that all your misconduct, and all your mishaps, are owing to the reckless disregard of the admonition so frequently enjoined upon you to "get out of the way." Had this advice been complied with; had you but evacuated your position on the approach of that animal with which you will forever be associated, it is probable that you had been spared that humiliating and undignified descent of the hill. And had you not been "in the way" of evil men, your reputation as a perfectly correct and sober individual had never been called in question, and that saltant performance consequential to the cinder in your shoe, had been unrecorded.

But human nature is made up of extremes and contradictions, and in no one is this truth more signally exemplified than in yourself. Ever "in the way," when you could be dispensed with; ever occupying that portion of infinite space, which is manifestly destined, at that particular time, for other particles of matter, it is no less a subject of regret, that your being "out of the way" when your presence is desirable, should fasten upon you the charge of a want of punctuality, constantly evinced by your being "too late for supper." A due regard for the comfort of others, if not a desire for domestic peace, should influence you here. Deprived of the company of your illustrious self, the evening meal is scarce enjoyed, whilst the family jars and numerous inconveniencies which your tardiness must produce, call for a speedy reformation. Actuated by a sincere desire for that reformation, we beg your pardon for calling your attention to the subject. Be warned in time of the danger to which, in this

busy, bustling little world of ours, your being "in the way" constantly exposes you. Fancy the feelings of your friends, should it ever be their lot to read such an epitaph as the following:

"Here lies all that is mortal of the renowned Daniel Tucker. Being often warned to "get out of the way," and paying no heed to the injunction, he was, at last, run over by a train of cars, and his existence, like the song that memorates his deeds, brought to an abrupt conclusion."

That such may never be your fate, but that your stormy life may be brought to a peaceful close, is the wish with which we sign ourselves,

Reverentially,

YAWLEK.

NATURE'S "GOOD NIGHT."

We were walking along by the wild woodland's side,
Where the sky-fanning trees waved in beauty and pride—
The sun to his *hiding-place* hastened his flight,
And the Fairies were ready to *seek* the red light.

The fair forest, decked in the sun's setting charms,
For a warm, friendly grasp stretched its green-garbed arms;
And the moss-bearded Monarchs, all hoary with years,
Wept a silent "good night," with the dew drops for tears.

The little birds sang, from their nook-hidden nests;
And a warbled "good night" swelled their meek, merry breasts;
The fire-fly flashed from the dark, dismal dell,
And his path-guiding torch spoke a voiceless "farewell."

The owl hooted harsh, from the still, solemn shades,
And his soul-stirring scream woke the sleep-sated glades;
The whip-poor-will moaned to the moon-medalled sky,
And her mournful "good night" brought a tear to the eye.

And the sun, drawing round him his garments of light,
And vacating his throne for the Queen of the night,
With silent solemnity bade us "farewell,"
As behind the dark forest his ruddy face fell.

And the "dew-drinking Katydids" sang with delight;
And with sweet, merry voices they bade us "good night";
While we, in their woods, left them happy and gay,
And hastened on homewards, as happy as they.

ALISON'S THEORY OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

THE origin and nature of Beauty in material objects, have ever been mooted questions among philosophers. Numerous hypotheses have been invented to explain these recondite matters, few of which will stand the test of strict analysis. We say *invented*, because they were certainly not deduced from a careful study of the phenomena.

Of the many schools in this branch of Aesthetics, one has made Simplicity the source of Beauty; another, Harmonious Complexity. One has affirmed it to consist in Utility, another in Proportion. Some have maintained that it is entirely subjective, while others have, with no less confidence, declared that it is wholly objective. Thus almost every *possible source* has, at one time or other, found its advocates—has been made *the source*. One of the latest and most important hypotheses on this subject, is that of the distinguished Archibald Alison. Keen, subtle, penetrating, he supported his speculations with such energy of argument, and variety of illustration, as for a long time to defy all contradiction. He carried captive, rather than convinced, the minds of his disciples. Unfortunately, however, for the permanency of Alison's attractive hypothesis, he did not go down into the arcana of the human soul, and lay his foundation there. What at first view seems brilliant and almost resistless, utterly fails, when tested by the immutable laws of Psychology. We do not propose an extended review* of his elaborate Essay; of such there have been too many already. We shall confine

* The reviewers of Mr. Alison, emulating their great Subject, have made their discussions almost exclusively empirical. In this brief essay, we would reduce the inquiry to the laws which are fundamental to it. However far short we may come of realizing our design, what little may be done, will at least be in the right direction. To our minds, the ensuing argument seems demonstrative. Our only wonder is that an argument so simple, so clear and so complete should not have been happened on before.

our inquiry to his account of Beauty in material objects, viewing it exclusively in its metaphysical light.

Mr. Alison, in his Essay on Taste, makes the beauty of material objects to consist solely in association. This, he says, is the pervading, vital principle. Beauty, in such objects, results from some property or quality of sentient beings, somehow associated with them. Leaving Mr. Alison and his reviewers to cite particular instances of such association in support of their favorite hypothesis, we would confine the question to its surest grounds and seek to know whether such an account can be true, consistently with the laws of mental association. When we have learned this to be *possible*, it will be time enough to argue from example that it is true. Is association the secret of material beauty?

Now this association must be either arbitrary and special, or natural and universal. Few, we suppose, will advocate the former. If such beauty be the result of arbitrary association, then before any object can produce emotions of beauty, it must be made by every one in whom such emotions are produced, the sign or representative of some property or quality of sentient being. In other words, these objects must be connected, in the mind, with life; for they are only beautiful, as they suggest some mode or affection of the anima. This arbitrary process must be performed with reference to every material object which produces emotion; and in order that the same objects may always produce the same effects—that causation in this respect may be uniform—these associations must be distinctly held in memory, prepared for any emergency wherein they may be called to act! Reason and consciousness pronounce this to be absurd.

Then this association is natural and universal. That is, every material object possesses the power of suggesting to the mind at first view, some thought, feeling, sentiment or affection. This thought, feeling, sentiment or affection being itself

pleasing, its beauty is transferred by the mind to the material object. Now, association is not a faculty of the mind: it is a general law or state of mental action. The sources of association are numerous; but with reference to beauty, it can be no other than resemblance. It cannot be contrast; for the moment we are cognizant of the contrast or opposite of beauty, we are conscious of unpleasant emotions.* Nor can it be contiguity. A sentient being and senseless object may exist side by side, thus combining contiguity of Time and Place; and the former may awaken the most delightful emotions, while the latter remains entirely indifferent, or positively disagreeable. Thus might be excluded all sources of association—resemblance only excepted.

Now the law of association from resemblance may be briefly stated thus: It is the power one object has, when made the subject of thought, of recalling another possessing similar properties or qualities.† But wherein does a resemblance between material objects and thought, sentiment, feeling or affection subsist? Can it be in form or color, odor, taste or touch? Can any resemblance between such dissimilar things subsist, except in their effects on the mind? And in this respect, is there any resemblance that can be the ground of association, other than their power of producing emotion? Hence we are shut up to the conclusion that material objects do in and of themselves possess the power of producing emotions. Now these must be pleasant or painful: there is no such a thing as a negative emotion. The terms would involve a contradiction—an absurdity.

* This might seem to account for the opposite of Beauty. Mr. Alison and his followers, however, do not hold that objects are disagreeable from contrast; but that with such objects are associated certain thoughts, sentiments, feelings or affections in themselves disagreeable. Hence the association is the same in both cases, viz: that of resemblance.

† This is obvious to a critical cavil. Association is defined objectively, rather than subjectively. We deem our present statement, however, abundantly correct and sufficient for present purposes.

Here, then, we have a general resemblance between dissimilar objects in their effects on the mind. The resemblance, however, is as yet too general to account for all the phenomena of beauty. The aesthetic judgment, or taste, now comes in, and with a discrimination that eludes all skill of expression, but of which we are conscious, distinguishes and separates these general classes into minuter and more delicate subdivisions; whence certain material objects become the appropriate signs or types of certain attributes or accidents of sentient being. Thus a transparent stream becomes a type of virtue, not from any objective resemblance, but because the emotions produced by both are in some refined and hidden sense, identical. A stream of water and virtue are as unlike as two things well can be; and to predicate resemblance of them in any respect other than in their effects on the mind, would be sheer nonsense. It is true that the material borrows much from the sentient; but we think it clear from the foregoing argument, that there is in the former an *inherent beauty* which forms the basis of the associated.

Alison's hypothesis affirms that the material has no proper beauty; that it is only beautiful as associated with the sentient. But by the metaphysics of his own hypothesis, we have seen that the material must have a beauty of its own, which forms the basis of associated beauty: therefore the philosophy of his hypothesis destroys the hypothesis itself. Is this not a regular Q. E. D.? Where's the error? If there be an error, we should be glad to have it pointed out.

FASHION.

THE moralist, who observes a neutrality in the great moral conflict of life, yet continually whines his peevish cry for REFORM, is like the idle spectator of some fierce battle; weighing the actions of braver men in the scale of his own cowardice. He directs where the struggle is fiercest, and flees where the cannonade's smoke is not seen, nor the din of the musketry heard. But every judge has not a beam, nor is every spectator idle. Priam sat upon Troy's walls, and viewing, *criticised* the "dire conflict of Achilles and Agamemnon;" yet a braver spirit leaped in no man's breast. And so, too, why may not we sometimes stand upon the bank of Time's passing stream; watch the queer tide of affairs; tell the world of its faults and follies; and "*as dutiful children wish our parents had been wiser.*" There can, at least, be no objection to stepping aside, for a while, to take a peep into the curiosities of "fashionable life." When we see the ladies in high-heel-gaiters and hoop-peticoats, virtually, if not "*viva-voce,*" asserting *woman's* rights, we often think of good old Mother Eve. *What would she think*, to see her children now-a-days? They have grown so "*mirabiles visu,*" she might well begin to doubt whether they were the proper product of her and Adam's replenishing multiplication; or whether she really was the "Mother of Mankind." But "bless the old lady" we expect her fair daughters would invert their fashionably aristocratic noses at the sight of her *plain, good, natural* self. Ah! this, our world, is growing sadly strange, and *strangely* fashionable. Its dotage were desirable; if this would return it to its toys—to the purity and simplicity of former days. There was a time when society based itself not upon the sandy maxims of silly Fashion, but upon the dictates of Reason and Nature. And be it understood to our fair sisters of the *silk* and *satin*, and to our brethren in the Shanghai, that this, too, was not the time when our First Parents

hid themselves in *fig-leaves*. But "Times change and we are changed with them." Fashion now has jumped into the current of our *thoughts, words and actions*, and acts *their pilot*. Who has not thought so, when listening to the strange and unnatural opinions often expressed in a certain circle; when hearing the emphatically cold, Yes? and No? so peculiar to a certain circle; and when seeing those odd gaits and curious bows so characteristic of a certain circle? *Don't you think the invisible, invincible spirit of Fashion is brooding there?*

Indeed, Fashion is making a sad perversion in social demands and relations of mankind in general, and the ladies in particular. Our ladies of the present day, so busied in following out the dictates of silly Fashion, have slighted and treated with entire neglect, and even with contempt, the acquirement and cultivation of *domestic habits*; as being an attainment requisite only for the *laboring* class of their sex. The possession of these they deem incompatible with the constituent characteristics of an *accomplished lady*. It was in virtue of these *domestic habits*, however, that Milton represents Eve as accomplished. Accomplished Eve!! Impossible! She knew nothing of our mode of "putting up the hair,"—of our fashionable walks and dances. Her's was not the "age of silks and satin." Such the soliloquy of our ladies when reading from Milton the seemingly negative terms, "accomplished Eve." In this stage of society she is accomplished in its more *refined and delicate* sense, who can dress most fashionably; who can most gracefully swagger into a parlor with the fashionable rector, Jenny Lind trot or Parody gallop; who has visited *every Opera*; who *never* entered a *kitchen*, and knows not the ingredients of common cornbread. These the intrinsic requisites; these the attainments of an "*accomplished*" lady. It is needless to descant upon the various, unnatural and every-day-changing forms of the *female* dress. They abound in multifarious superfluities, and indeed many curiosities. Suffice it to say that, one of these large, ori-

ental sleeves must undoubtedly be very commodious at a dinner table. For, soaked with butter and gravy, it becomes proof against the contents of capcised tumblers.

Why Fashion has become the great eye-glass through which one is viewed: the grand "new patent" scales in which worth is weighed. In the fashionable circle the Knife is seldom used, and one would be reckoned quite a fool, if he didn't drink soup *with his fork*.

But though the ladies first bit the fatal apple, still all these faults and follies are not chargeable to them alone. Our own muddy sex, in priestly shanghais, offer up on Fashion's altar the sacrifice of sound sense and propriety—for a sweet saviour. Yes, we often see men with a walk so unnatural we attribute it to some deformity, and with pants so closely fitted, it is a puzzling enigma to some, how in the world they ever got into them. But it is all simplified, when we learn that "*it's all the go!*"

Mistress Fashion is not satisfied with guiding the current of our thoughts, words and actions; following us to our dressing-room and the dinner-table. *It goes to Church with the congregation*, and (sometimes) *lurks in the pulpit*. Haven't you heard of one church being more fashionable, or in other words *more worldly* than another. They've introduced opera-singing and and mechanical worship in some churches in one of our larger cities. As Doestick's says: "they hire four or five fat men to sing the praises of the congregation." We have heard of setting hymns to the tune of "*Pretty Betty Martin*," but never before of four or five Continentals *working* out the praises of the humble, devout congregation in the operatic strains of "*Hear me Norma*." Gentle sheep and shephard, you're becoming *fashionable*. And when such is the daring tyranny of Mistress Fashion, well may men begin to own their weakness in long-trailed coats, and the ladies to assert their independence with high-heel gaiters and hoop-petticoats. Here ladies, take half the breeches.

AH ! THIS WORLD OF OURS IS BECOMING SADLY STRANGE AND
STRANGELY FASHIONABLE !

IN MEMORIAM

S. L. H., OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

A sky-lark wings its heaven-ward way
And carols matins to the East—
A death-shot strikes its downy breast
And stills fore'er its gladsome lay.

See the proud wave, with foaming crest,
Ride like a giant in days of yore !
It breaks in eddies on the shore,
And sleeps in death upon its breast.

A stiff breeze swells the virgin sail,
And sends it dipping like a bird—
Think you the pilot could have heard
The breakers' wild and sullen wail ?

Catch the gay strains of harmony,
That float from yonder festive hall—
To-morrow see the funeral pall
Where beauty held her revelry !

Night's pure face is beaming bright,
The Pleiades smile sweet on high—
But like a tear from an angel's eye
Electra falls fore'er from sight.

Oh ! oft the dancing, sun-tipped wave
Rolls cold upon the flowery wold ;
Earth's rust and blight have shapes untold,
Which, never sated, always crave.

Oh, Death ! who tolls thy solemn bell ?
Oh, Grave ! what makes thee dark and cold ?
What brings the damp, the worm, the mould,
The tears that of heart-breaking tell ?

My soul would know whence this decay,
This change from buoyant life to death.
'T is He who gave it takes our breath,
And death but summons us away ;—

Away from Earth's sad, toilsome way ;
Away from shadow and from cloud ;
Away from tears, from death and shroud ;
Away from spirit-cumbering clay !

Ah ! man on earth but lives to die ;
Foul Sin gives no alternative :
But when death comes he dies to live—
Live in a world beyond the sky.

Methought Death came with stealthy tread,
Came with his scythe and icy hand,
Came to cut down one of our band,
And bind him with his sheaves of dead.

We've laid him in the silent tomb,
And wept as brothers only weep.
Be calm, my soul ! the grave's not deep,
Since Jesus slept within its gloom.

BARRACK LIFE.

MR. EDITOR :—Much as I deplore the causes which have presented to the world the present plaint of a martyred Freshman, still I cannot but rejoice that at length one voice has been raised against time-honored institutions, and one right-hand raised to defend poor Fresh from the impositions of the upper classes. Who this champion for justice is, modesty forbids me to mention. Upon my arrival at this institution, celebrated for Soph. commencements and barring-out sprees, the worthy inspector of rooms assigned me a chamber which I was quite certain he had never fairly inspected. It was agreeably situated on the first floor, which I was informed was the more desirable location, as there was less danger in case of fire. The door was beautifully carved with various devices, and well ventilated—one panel being minus. The walls were covered with remnants of paper, hanging in wild profusion; reminding a very imaginative mind of ancient tapestry.

I was not certain at the time whether the windows had panes of glass in them or not, on account of the view being obstructed by the dust of ages. As a counterpoise to these objections, I found that my room was well situated to receive a saline breeze, which would serve to invigorate my constitution.

Being a Jerseyman, I soon made myself at home, and was duly provided with one broken looking-glass, a table with three legs, a bedstead slightly decrepid and the appurtenances thereof, supposed to have been handed down from remote ages. My room being furnished, I forthwith furnished my library; one *Anabasis*, one *Livy*, trans. to *Livy*, "*Parker's Aid*" and trans. to *Anabasis*. While seated in the evening, thinking of the comforts and pleasures of a college life as I had so far seen them, I was interrupted in my reverie by a gentle knock at my door. In obedience to my summons to enter, a number of students came in. How very sociable students are! always

wishing to further the happiness of fellow-students. I was very glad to see them,—wished them to be seated. They told me that it was their object to amuse new students as much as possible, and that they made it a rule to spend at least one pleasant evening with them—that the College laughed at them for it, and called them Hogi-Mogis, a name which they informed me was derived from two sanscrit words: *Mogi*, make yourself, and *Hogi*, at home—told me that I would find it in the dictionary of poetical quotations. I really admired them very much—they were so pleasant, too, laughing even when I did not see the necessity for a laugh.

There was one thing about them, however, which I did not like so much; they were all too fond of smoking. This is a very bad habit; father told me never to indulge in it. They sent forth so much smoke that I thought it a little disagreeable, and suggested that we open the window; but as they urged so strenuously that the night air would injure my health, I gave way to their wishes. How considerate for my health! really I liked them exceedingly. Smoke always did affect me singularly and there was a good deal of it in the room, and I began to feel a little sick. But I still managed to keep up a lively conversation; whenever I talk much I always feel sick afterwards, and pretty soon I began to—to—I really was *very* sick. I asked the students to inform the Dr. of my slight attack, which they promised to do, and left for that purpose; but I suppose were unable to find him. I then retired to my couch in a situation better imagined than described.

There I lay and groaned—thought of home—became quite home-sick—felt awful gripings on account of the smoke, or conversation, one or the other, though I have never accurately settled which—never knew that students smoked so much before. The Princeton fellows have a peculiar way of smoking—they blow it through the pipes instead of puffing. One of the number always carries the tobacco—how very kind of him!

As I groaned from sickness, I thus thought over the events of my first evening in Nassau Hall, and as I looked about my room, lighted by an old fluid lamp, upon the walls besprinkled with tobacco juice, and dingy from the smoke of ages—upon the old, dilapidated pine furniture—upon the floor, with cracks so large as to enable one to see the mold and reptiles on the damp ground beneath—upon the dirty, unshuttered windows, at which I could at times see grinning visages peering in; as I gazed on these things, I inwardly blessed our “pious founders” and turned over to sleep. Scarcely, however, had Solanus relieved my smoked intestines of their pain, when I felt a peculiar sensation. I dreamt that I was a Gulliver, and that diminutive Liliputians covered my body, running in every direction, planting their spears, shouting, kicking and rolling. I shook myself and turned restlessly in my sleep: Immediately I heard the sound of broken spears and limbs, and all for a time was still. Soon the running up and down again commenced—the planting of ladders—the application of spears. It was too much for mortal man to bear. I awoke—but still I seemed to dream. I was in the barracks still, and as the morning light peered in through the dingy window, I cast a hurried, timid look at my bed and shuddered. “Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of time.” Oh, Heliogabulus! Nero! Mars! and Dycnisius! what a sight I leapt up in horror and found myself all swollen, pale through loss of blood, and trembling in every limb. How I *did* bless our pious founders. I wonder if these statesmen and divines, of which our college boasts, ever passed a year—nay, one night even, in a barrack room with a host of bed-bugs which had seen no article of food for six weeks. If they have, I venture to assert that their fond remembrance of Nassau will be mingled with pictures too horrid to think of. How those old statesmen must hate the animals—how those old divines must swear whenever they hear the word. A few days ago I happened to mention the name in a crowd, when an old grey-headed man took

my hand and shook it warmly. "I see you are from Princeton College," he said. What a glorious reputation our Alma Mater has.

But there goes the prayer bell—we all have to pray for a grade of one hundred now, but no such motives influence me to attend prayers. I go to unburden my mind every morning with the sincere wish that our pious founders might sleep in a barrack room for one night, and receive only one visit from the Hogi-Mogi.

Yours, truly,

U. R. GREEN.

MAN'S DUTY.

WHEN the bright and genial sun of purity and virtue cast its glowing beams upon the Elysian bower our First Parents inhabited, while love and peace held their quiet reign, unshackled by the tyranny and oppression which sin imposed upon its votaries—free as the gentle zephyrs, gliding amid the foliage which surrounded them, how celestial and pleasing must have been the feelings of reverence and love, which glowed within the bosom of *God's* first created man. But, alas for posterity, by one act of disobedience, misery and death were ushered into our very midst. Then did gloom and depression first taint and cloud that happiness and heavenly virtue which warmed the breast, causing the heart to swell with kindly emotions towards *God* and man—shedding its genial rays upon their every thought and action. When sin thus disputed the power of virtue, and cast its damning influence o'er the soul—man first regarded the "still, small voice" which asked in soft, but startling accents—"What is your *duty*?" Why had not this interrogation been made before?

Why had not man, when in the possession of every joy and earthly blessing, brought this question home to his heart and mind before his happy bower had faded from his view, as the glimmering landscape, adorned with flowers rare and beautiful, becoming fainter and more faint, as the shades of night fall darkling around it?

But the dread abyss was entered; he turned to view the Eden he had lost—but, in its stead, saw stalking in his pathway, so lately strewn with flowers, the ghastly forms of crime and guilt. He turned again, but instead of the bright sun of innocence, which before had cheered his soul, he felt not its genial influence; he had entered the dark valley of sin, where the night of sorrow and remorse reigns undisturbed. His allegiance to his God was broken—his duty, unobserved, amid the foul coils of the winding sheet, sin was weaving for his immortal soul. But dark and drear as all appeared, the great God had not discarded the work of His mighty hand—but as some bright meteor which glances o'er the darkening sky—thus shone Emanuel's cross, in that sad hour, bright and beautiful, with celestial splendor their scepter and their hope—their talisman to future happiness.

Nor yet to dumb forgetfulness a prey, yielding to a sweet remembrance of by-gone joys—he cast a lingering glance towards the cheerful home forsaken, and longed to snap asunder the meshes which Hell had spread around him. Thus are we now, forgetful of our duty to Him who made us, pure and holy as himself, we court and sigh for the applause of our fellow-man; sacrificing the higher, nobler feelings implanted within us, we seek to establish that worldly fame, which, like the house of old, built upon the sand, was soon wrecked amid the opposing winds of Heaven. So with earthly glory. Often-times the child of fortune for a time, man soars aloft upon the wings of fame, far out-stripping that high-toned honor, and purity of action, which Heaven claims as its dearest boon—until in his onward flight, too much infatuated by the gay colors, and bright, nay, almost

fairly prospects, which fickle fortune presents to her votaries—he forgets that—

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The path of glory leads but to the grave.”

And need I further say, that man's happiness depends upon the relation he bears his God. Oh! that I possessed the magic pen of a Homer to trace the great, the inestimable blessings flowing from this most holy source; or a Virgil's pure imagination, to tell the mystic beauties of spirit land; or, furthermore, the penetration of an OVID, to point out amid the sunshine and shadows of life, new workings of God's most righteous laws. And can it be—that man, proud of a “little brief authority,” with all to make him happy that heaven and earth can bestow—the ground to yield him sustenance, the beasts to toil and labor for his enjoyment—and above all, when the hand of sorrow drops with its leaden weight upon his heart, the gentle voice of woman steals o'er his soul, and sheds its gladdening influence in affliction's home.

COUNTRY ELYSIUM.

It is a most emphatically out of the way—in the far “out-squirts of the town,” where no one goes unless he has some particular business. It is a place which rumbling hacks are always powdering with rich treasures of Jersey mud, the differential of extatic bliss, where the dawn-shaming prayer bell never is, but is just about to be heard. It is the *ne plus ultra* of longitude and lassitude, where mathematical genius spreads itself upon buoyant horizontals, and investigates the never-ending asymptotes of perennial joy. Here the raging waters of the canal pay tribute as they beat musically against their mosaic banks. Here the plaintive notes of the boatman's horn float through the air, like

the last faint sprinklings of an April snow-storm—grand, gloomy and peculiar. Here no college lounge intrudes on sacred time; no witty companion twits you on country produce, your mileage deducted from country bills, and the state of the weather on the frontiers. Here, like a ripening chestnut, you can swell in the security of your repose. Here, in dignified composure, you can paddle across the undulating ribs of your home-spun carpet, which out-glistens frost-bitten alder-berries, as it yields to your heavy tread, like new-ploughed furrows. Oh! country residence—at least country student-residence—is the happiest period of mortal existence. Nature opens for you her whole treasury of master-paintings. For your eye alone she extends those broad fields of waving corn, upon whose verdant blades the little birds play “see-saw” with the breeze; and whose serried ranks speak tremblingly of life’s sad ups and downs. For your individual benefit, the fat landlady crushes herself through the narrow gate, overturning with her prodigious flounces a whole bevy of youngsters, who amuse themselves with choking off the whooping cough. For you alone the turtle and the tad-pole slide prosperously along their winding way in the neighboring pond—and the bull-frog chants his matins and his vespers in undisturbed security in the marsh. For your peculiar instruction the hornet and the hop-toad perform Crimean evolutions, without loss of time or material. For express beats upon your tympanum, the balmy breeze comes laden with the perspiring cries of the wounded, as the besom of maternal solicitude falls on the rear of disobedient infantry. Who then would exchange these pleasures for the gayeties of city life? Who would dwell in the midst of that great Babel, where tired streets are always struggling against the heavy press of very sweaty forms, and where very red faces go wedging themselves through care and trouble? I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me the smell of garlic and asparagus. PETER PEPPERGRASS.

Editor's Table.

KIND READER,

While taking into our unskilful hands the "guiding reins," which our brother charioteer has just relinquished, it is not unnatural that we should feel somewhat nervous in regard to our "steed." As we do not pretend to be an "accomplished whip," and confess some dizziness at our lofty elevation, we would woo you with our sweetest words, and thus secure your good will, ere plunging into the dust and mire, which we see ahead. We would wish you to follow patiently along our course, sticking close to us "through thick and through thin"; and, if the Fates have conspired to unseat us, like the actor upon the stage, we shall select, as soft a spot as possible whereon to fall, and thus preserve our bones unbroken. But if we are to be killed outright, why then we look to you to bury us in some quiet corner—to preach our funeral sermon through *colored specs*, and from some such text as "poor fellow." If you will trudge on after us, until we have finished our course, and not lag behind in the land of Nod, we shall commend you for your watchfulness. But if, at the end, you shall extend your paw, in the real hearty style, and exclaim, with Peter Probasco, "them's my sentiments," why then we shall declare your "milk of human kindness" has expelled all "gall of bitterness," and that you are a perfect jewel of a fellow. You see, by this time, how important it is that we propitiate you; and, therefore, we again say most hopefully and devoutly, Kind Reader.

Kind Reader, have you ever been an Editor? Probably not. Perhaps you aspire to that dignity. Now while editorial pride bids us assert that language cannot compass it, we do assure you that distance lends enchantment to the view." Had Job been the Editor of a "Monthly" he would never have been immortal; and we are certain that Moses would have lost his reputation for meekness, had he only received a call to the editorial chair. We have been studying in the severe school of adversity, and are happy to say we feel resigned. We have endeavored to smooth down our ruffled feelings, and to assume the editorial expression. The Professors instinctively surrender the inside of the pavement, and the Tutors and Freshmen give way, as though we possessed the annihilating power of Camden and Amboy. Indeed we have become, like Mr. Turveydrop, a perfect "model of deportment. We lower

dreadfully upon the "Seminoles," and smile upon the ladies with the utmost sang froid. We saunter into church with an expression of the profoundest thought—pay numerous visits to the Post Office—and ransack the library for the *largest* tomes we can discover. But, alas, we shall fall a voluntary sacrifice upon the editorial altar. Our constitution is undermining, and our friends stop us daily in the streets, with tearful inquiries after our health. Our shadow is evidently growing less; and although we may be ten or twenty times *as natural* as life, we have serious doubts whether we are quite *as large*. Sympathizing Reader, we know not whether the position of Editor attaches to itself anything peculiarly bad; but the old saying "there is no rest for the wicked" has occurred to us so often and so forcibly, since our accession to this dignity, that we really begin to fear we are not without our sins. We have been a *pendulum betwixt a walk and run*. And, alas, we are a haunted individual. No church yard, in dark, secluded valley, was ever half so well filled with ghosts, as our Sanctum with restless spirits of departed *cutes*, clamoring to reappear in the flesh. The editorial inkstand is as deep as a well, and the pen we let down, imbued with the spirit of obstinacy, acts more like a *sieve*, than a clever, accommodating bucket. But an Editor shouldn't mind trifles. No indeed! A musquito is humming a lullaby to our harrowed feelings—the clock is saying, as plainly as can be, "time flies"—in the calmest spirit of Philosophy, we repeat at periods *differentially distant* "patience is a virtue"—and drawing inspiration from a few dried flowers, a Jews harp, and a picture of John the Baptist—plunge ahead with desperate determination.

And have any of us modest individuals really and truly reached the acme of college dignity—the Seniority? Just think what is comprised in this idea of a Senior! Why from such a text, we could preach a sermon of one hundred heads, and then be necessitated, like some good old parsons, to close with "finally," "lastly," "in conclusion," "one more reflection," and so on. But methinks our Reader's lids drop already and a slight snore is audible. Awake sleeper, we will not tire you beyond endurance. Although our Muse is a fierce advocate of freedom of speech, and petticoat government, we do not intend to indulge her in any such *lengthy* digressions: for, if once fairly under way, she would proceed with "forty-parson power." But upon this momentous question, her private opinion must be publicly expressed. Prepare yourself therefore for a regular *caudle lecture*.—As we take a retrospective glance at the road we have been jogging along for more than two years, what gleams of sunshine, what dark shadows do we see. What a dust we have raised—what hills we have climbed—what bogs we have stuck in. We have made sensible progress in experience and knowledge. We have seen much of men and things, and alas, even in this college-life, have met with some fallen angels. We have learned a good deal of the world, in one sense, and forgotten

a good deal of it in another. Like the school boy, trudging on through the snow, for every step forward in Psychology and Physics, we have fallen two backward in Geography and Orthography: but we have acquired sufficient wisdom to follow the plan of other *wise men*, for concealing this last defect—the adoption of an illegible Chirography. Between some of our worthy Professors, there are slight points of difference. One is sublime upon “original conceptions,” but scouts at the “Atomic theory”; the other is highly poetical and *pathetic* upon the “Atomic theory,” but stands aghast at the idea of “original conceptions.” Our views present a wonderful appreciation of the great truth, that “when Doctors disagree, disciples then are free.” We have discovered that Mr. Hudibras’ distinction between the North and North West corner of a hair, was not altogether fanciful. Indeed, we have gone a step beyond that distinguished individual, and have learned to “give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name.” We can now prove conclusively, in the small compass of ten pages, that *two times two is four*; and are able to make distinction far more subtle than that between six and half a dozen. We are now climbing star-ward by the ladder of astronomy, which, like Jack’s bean stalk, runs up with amazing swiftness. We have made a sort of theoretical acquaintance with spirit-leveling, and a very practical one with *leveling spirits*. With but little knowledge of the hearts of Queens, we combine an intimate acquaintance with the *Queen of hearts*. Nearly all of us have learned better how to *lessen a study*, than to study a lesson, and some of us would show much less skill in conducting examinations into scientific papers, than in *conducting scientific papers into examinations*.

But methinks some would-be critic deems us a sort of Diogenes, looking upon the dark side of everything. No indeed; there may be some things to snarl at: there are truly a good many to laugh at; but there are still more to commend and to rejoice at. We need no lantern to discover an honest face here; there is one wherever we turn. If college-life has its follies and its sins, how pleasant are many of its scenes, how numerous its virtues. The recollection of its jocund days will paint a smile upon the face of woe, and rub out all the wrinkles from a brow of care. Its warm hearts—its high motives—its hearty grasps—and its careless laughs, will have no correspondents in the world; but will remain only as bright pictures, to hang up on “memory’s wall.” How rapidly the hours have sped within these venerable piles. When the snow has tapped at the window, and the wintry wind howled for admission, could anything tell more plainly of happiness, than the full-of-to-day, don’t-care-for-to-morrow peals of laughter, that have drowned the ticking of the clock and the roar and crackle of the fire? The merry tones of the fiddle and the banjo have waked the spirits of the place, and roused the venerable old spiders from their slumber. And rough and uncouth as the sounds may have been in themselves, the *music of the heart* has

come in as a sweet accord, and softened all harshness into melody. Yes these are happy days, abuse them as we may. When years have passed, memory will turn pilgrim, and linger amid their scenes. If Fortune be kind, how joyful in the far-off Future, will be a meeting with "an old college friend." If life be dreary, and the world dark, such a one would cross our path as some "some sunbeam that had lost its way," to renew that "love that had long been a mere reflected ray from a departed sunset."

But upon such a theme our Muse grows sad, and we have had sufficient of the *pathetic* lately. The condition of affairs, however, is enough to render her melancholy. A fearful sickness is rioting in college. The last *official* news was: "The means taken to bring students to prayers has caused a most lamentable epidemic amongst certain of them." Alas, this is extending itself to all classes. The infection spreads everywhere. All the means adopted by our learned Doctors, for the suppression of disease, have signally failed. The epidemic increases as cold weather comes on. The chapel and recitation rooms are deserted. *Bills of mortality* multiply fast. Now and then, a few sufferers are at their posts in chapel. Some of the Faculty regard these invasions with so much affection, that they are unable to remove their eyes from them for a moment, and involuntarily peep at them, even while putting up petitions for their welfare; but *perhaps* (as a friend of ours remarked) they are only obeying the command to "*watch and pray*."

Water-melons have, at last, retired in disgust. A few sun-dried skeletons, grinning beneath the windows, are all that remain to tell us their glory has departed. During the water-melon season, the watchful care that fortune exercises over youth, was wonderfully shown in the case of the Fresh. Then the introduction of that fruit into a room, was immediately followed by a modest tap at the door, and one of those interesting youths dropped in, of course by accident. Peaches are less abundant now, and consequently, friends less intimate; we may, however, expect warm adherents, as long as the apple season lasts.

We understand that, some moons ago, there did exist, in this moral community, a set of Jacobin clubs, styled, in the vernacular, secret societies. But our worthy Trustees did join hands, and root them from the soil. As a last resort, the members might have indoctrinated some of these gentlemen into the mysteries of their orders; but we suppose each party disliked the idea of being taken in, and thus the matter was left. Tending to strike a vital blow at society—with subtle venom to poison the life-blood of the country—to taint the moral atmosphere—to subvert the world—to dim the lustre of the sun—and to rend the universe, they should long ago have been blotted out from existence. Their disintegrators have thus hastened the millenium by some forty years at least. Let no presuming Freshman tax the justice of their

action: some of our worthy Trustees have become *great men*, and, as Philosopher Weller remarks—"width and wisdom always grows together"

College Poets being, at present, like "angel's visits—few and far between," a Printer's Devil, on a collecting tour, has addressed to us the following epistle upon everything in general, and "all the world and the rest of mankind" in particular—

They say our land is growing good, the day's exceeding nigh us,
When angels shall step in our doors, and men be very pious:
Indeed, the spirits *rap* e'en now (*hurrah for no more musses*),
They're *black*, of course (*white's* common now), we long for their sweet *busses*.

Men curse poor sinners pretty hard—learn charity on Sunday;
They *pray* in public all that day, and *prey* in private Monday.
Love is the *main law* of the land; youth hasn't to be commanded;
All children now are *above Par*, and bar-rooms are all *branded*.

We've lived to see a glorious time—*society's skirts extended*,
(We hope we'll live till *bonnets* are worn, and Shanghai coat tails *ended*.)
Fair woman's hands now grasp the reins; we've no more need for male-paws;
We advocate *all proper measures*, and all obey the *tail laws*.

In college, too, we *holy* grow; but customs are so funny:
One never can *show where the lesson is*, or has a *bit of money*.
But he who swears that he hasn't a cent, and of course can't pay for his *Maga*;
Will coolly point to a bran-new tile, and generously offer tobacco.

POSTSCRIPT.

They say Sebastopol has fell, though with victory well nigh flush,
And some do say that *she hurt herself*, cause *she went it with a Rush*.
John Bull's consumed a plenty of *grape*, and with victory's *drunk* till he 'siek:
Let him die, the old bloat! who'll credit him now; why he hardly could get
the *ball tick*.

But methinks our reader has followed us long enough. Honest people are shoring in their beds, and the locust pipes drowsily, from the tree by our window. We, too, are not sorry, reader, to bid you an affectionate good night. We trust you have not fallen asleep under our preaching. We confess that we entered upon our task with some trepidations: for there were a few, who, though professing the greatest affection for the "nine sisters," still turned a deaf ear and cruel eye to our Muse; and we trembled lest she were of a low order, for we knew their love was in proportion to the *higness of the grade*. Yet, it was consistent to turn a *healthy Muse* from their doors, when they

wouldn't give "a red" to the *Music*. But our Muse is very good natured, and would love to shake hands heartily with friends and foes (she is vain enough to hope she has none of the latter) ere she flies off forever. And now our editorial dream is nearly ended; but our health will not recover from the shock it has recived, until Spring rolls round, and we see a veritable sheep-skin in close proximity. The robins are already covering Autumn's grave with withered leaves, and Winter will soon come puffing and blowing down the hills. We shall jump for joy when the last snow wraps him in his winding-sheet, and the blue-birds sing his requiem. Then, when merry Spring begins to hide his grave with flowers, we will assume the dignity of a graduate, and step out into the world. Perhaps a hearty ha! ha! ha! will be the music of our exodus. Perhaps we will choke down a sigh, and try to hide a tear, as the noisy cars bear us forever from old Nassau. THE EDITOR.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We return our sincere thanks to our contributors for the labor they have undergone for our sake, and hope they will always remember we have been "brothers in affliction."

EXCHANGES.

There has been a sad derth of Exchanges. We have received only the "Stylus," the "Beloit College Monthly," and the "Williams' Quarterly." We are indebted to unknown friends for a copy of the "Missouri Democrat," for a copy of the "Commercial, Insurance, and Financial Gazette," and for two copies of "Hunter's Medical Specialist."

The Nassau Literary Magazine

³ Is published by an Editorial Committee of the Senior Class of the College of New Jersey, every month during term time. Each number will contain thirty-six pages of original matter.

No subscriptions will be received for less than one year.

All communications must be addressed (through the Post Office), post paid, to the Editors of the "Nassau Literary Magazine."

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